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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS NORMAL ART SCHOOL

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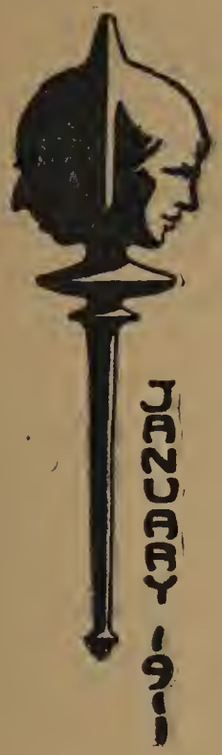
JANUARY 1911

Centre of Vision

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The Center of Vision is made and gotten out by the students of the Massachusetts Normal Art School as a prayer - partly for help, partly for thanksgiving.

10 cents a copy. 75 cents a year in school. $1.00 per year by mail.

"Of a' the ills that flesh can fear,
The loss of friends, the lack o' gear,
A yowlin' tyke, A glandered Mear,
A lassie's nonsense—
There's just ae thing I cannae bear,
And thats my conscience."

THE PERRY PICTURES. SMALL SIZE. 125. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY M. P. RICE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

When the Norn-Mother saw the whirlwind hour,
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She bent the strenuous heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with genial heat of earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy,
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains, and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.
The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea,
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves,
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed—
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the graves low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.
And so he came.
From prairie cabin up to Capital,
One fair ideal led our chieftain on.
Forevermore he burned to do his deed

With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail pile as he built the state,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
So came the captain with the mighty heart.
And when the step of earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridgepole up and spiked again
The rafters of the home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

By EDWIN MARKHAM.

Editors note: Don't bother to read this till after you are quite through weeping over Mr. Markham's poem. Then we want to tell you why we published it. This magazine is run, supposedly, of, by, and for the students of this school. That means, first that they subscribe for it, second that they write for it and last that they read it, none of these things do they—neither will they! Therefore we have selfishly printed this poem because we like it and for our own satisfaction We should much rather run the paper for your satisfaction but if that means that we are to print every foolish jingle that the Freshman turns in we flatly refuse. Send us good stuff—try hard—make a little effort. If it isn't worth that much to you why it certainly isn't to us. We've dunned you for stuff long enough and we're tired of it. We're tired too of being told that we don't print enough stuff from the students. We print anything we can get that will barely pass the line. We ought to be flooded with Mss.

No, we don't expect Kiplings or Stevensons or anything wonderful. Only just the best you can do. Short of this we will not go. And if we don't get any we shall continue sublimely and selfishly to do the thing for our own sweet little selfs, and now may our consciences be clear forever.

ALBERT H. MUNSELL.

This name, well known in the studios of Paris twenty-five years ago, is often on the lips of appreciative alumni. Many times they have found a "cherche-motif" of the greatest value and have carefully recounted the "number of heads" before sending out a picture. As they strive for atmosphere they are helped by remembering the oft repeated phrase "Captain of the Lights!" But more important than these is the memory of the personality, always helpful, always inspiring, for which Mr. Munsell is especially remembered.

In the classroom we, who are students, admire Mr. Munsell first, as a gentleman, always courteous, with an inspiring presence, which calls forth the best in us and commands the respect and confidence of all; next, as a teacher, patient and encouraging, whose keen criticisms hurt our pride but make us eager to try again. Though "work" is his motto he does not drive but rather leads his class with encouraging word and helpful hand.

Composition days, dreaded by us all, were made interesting by his anecdotes and criticisms. Mr. Munsell always found some redeeming quality amid a multiplicity of faults which gave us courage to push on. His wit and clever imitation, showing his keen insight into human nature, was often a source of enjoyment. On these days he brought in some of the best examples for study and imitation. In fact, he was often heard to say, "Get a few of the very best things rather than many of the lesser." He encouraged good reading such as Wordsworth's "Sonnet," beginning "The world is too much with us, late and soon, getting and spending, we lay waste our powers,"—or Emerson's "Days,"—"Daughters of Time; the hypocritic Days." Those who followed his advice and saw Isadore Duncan interpret Beethoven symphonies and Chopin nocturnes can never forget the exquisite rhythm of her movements,

harmonizing so perfectly with the music, now gentle, daring, serious and exulting.

Our class was usually fortunate in being able to study with Mr. Munsell, his book, "A Color Notation." His measured scales of color are gaining recognition and praise from the highest authorities and their use is constantly becoming more widespread in the public schools. Once its possibilities are realized the old system of red, yellow and blue seems impossible. We realize that the colors in the old masterpieces and beautiful tapestries which have so charmed us, are simply put together in their true relation of hue, value, and chrome in his color scheme. During the last year he has given lectures on color at Harvard and Columbia Universities.

As a lecturer on artistic anatomy he is equally successful. Under his guidance the human body took on new meaning. The shapeless humps which characterized our drawings of the muscles were changed into definite shapes. Note books were compiled illustrating correct positions of the body at rest and in action with the bones and muscles properly placed after many laughable mistakes.

Personally, Mr. Munsell gave me more inspiration and more of an insight into what a teacher may do than any one I ever knew.

In a volume entitled "Who's Who in America" among the names of other prominent men and women of our country, I found that of Albert Henry Munsell, "a Boston portrait painter and instructor at the Massachusetts Normal Art School." He was born in Boston, January 6, 1858. After graduating from our Alma Mater he studied at L'ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, 1885-8, where he was awarded five medals. His work has been exhibited at the Paris Salon, in Boston, New York and Pittsburg. He began to teach in our school in 1881 and has completed thirty years as an instructor. During this time he has patented new instruments for color measurement in connection with his color system. He was

formerly president of Massachusetts Industrial Art Teachers' Association. Several clubs claim him as a member—among them the Salmagundi and National Arts of New York City, the Chestnut Hill and Twentieth Century of Boston.

NINA J. NEWHALL 1911.

A STUDIO STORY, BY MR. MUNSELL

Miss Editor:

You have asked me to recount some reminiscences of student life in Paris, and the practical jokes which were played in the studio will probably be more interesting than the more serious questions of study. First let me tell you of the funeral of the paint-box. The average age of the students was probably not past thirty, but there was one bald-headed, spectacled, gentle old Frenchman of sixty or more who stole in quietly to his work every morning, never joined in the rough-house or the singing, and at the end of the day as quietly departed. We learned afterwards that he had early wished to be an artist, but, discouraged by his family, had taken up business, and through forty years of business experience had still continued the desire to be a painter. When at last he had a competence he came back and attempted to study as the younger men were doing. But, of course, he felt that he was not one of them: his age and his experience separated him widely from them. One of the striking influences of his business life was his neatness and accuracy. This showed in his dress, in his speech, and even in his paint-box, which was as clean and polished as the day it left the store. The corners were bound in brass, the handle was bright, and the interior was immaculate, quite unlike the soiled, broken, hingeless boxes which most of us put upon the shelf at the end of the

day's work. His painting, also, partook of this painstaking character, full of detail, without enthusiasm, and without personal vision. Respected by all, he seemed to stand aloof from the life of the studio. * * * * * *

One morning it was suddenly discovered that he was missing, whereupon the word began to pass around that something must have happened. At last one suggested that probably he had died. This idea was taken up by the crowd, and they said, "Let's give him a worthy funeral." So they hunted up his paint-box on the shelf, and, having told the model to get down from the stand, placed the paintbox upon two stools, like a miniature coffin. Then they sent out for candles, which were stuck to each corner and duly lighted. One of the students in his painting impersonated the priest, and when the first part of the service had been given another student mounted the platform and pronounced a eulogy, described his ancestors for four or five generations back, told of the struggles in his mind when it became necessary to take up business instead of art, of the hopes that he had entertained of becoming a Member of the Academy, or one of the immortals, and even drew a pathetic picture of the home which was darkened by his death. A procession was then formed, and borne upon the fingertips of four students the paint-box was carried into each of the succeeding studios, with a similar service and statement of his virtues. His unfinished painting was carried on a stick, and some of the members chanted as they walked the "Miserere."

Returning to the studio, the question was to find a proper place of interment. In the corner were tossed the paint-rags, waste papers and remains of lunch, so here, scraping a little hole, they placed the paint-box, covered it over, and above it stood up the unfinished painting, and with a few deep sobs the crowd turned and went back to their work. * * * * *

Next morning the first-comers found the old gentleman at his usual place, occupied in his usual study, and their only remark was "Tiens."

HEY, DIDDLE, DIDDLE

The various manuscripts of the works of the talented Madame Goose have lately been subjected to the severe criticism of the best classic scholars, and much progress has been made in interpreting some of the more obscure passages.

To illustrate this, let us take as an example the celebrated poem beginning,

"Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,"—the first line of which has always puzzled commentators. The earliest commentators proposed an emendation making the line read, "Dried grass, undulating gracefully! Blowing gently!" (In the original MS. the first word was spelled "hey" owing to the improper spelling of the time. It is well known that diddle means a gentle motion.) Undoubtedly that is the true explanation of the mooted passage which, owing to its great antiquity, has failed to be correctly interpreted, the word diddle having become nearly obsolete.

Taking up the next line, "The cat and the fiddle," the connection between these two is easily discerned, the musical propensities of the cat being well known. The great and learned Noodlehead has suggested however that, "The feline accompanied by the violin" would have been a more classic rendering and would have expressed the idea more clearly to those lacking poetical erudition.

The connection between the dried grass and the musical feline has puzzled many students of literature. These lines contain a great deal of hidden meaning and should be carefully studied. If one but recalls the days of his childhood when a blade of grass held in a vertical and taut position between the thumbs and expirated upon with great vigor produced sounds not unlike those of the

musical feline, he will easily perceive the meaning of the poetess.

But to proceed:—"The cow jumped over the moon." What a choice passage! So much expressed in so few words! An ordinary poet would have wandered on through pages to explain how the cow, attracted by the fragrant odors of the grass, undulating gracefully, "blowing gently" was led into the moonlit meadow where, uplifted by the music of the cat, she was carried above all earthly thoughts even those of grass usually so attractive to her. Observe here the carefully hidden moral, that when one's higher nature is appealed to, the material is forgotten and one soars heavenward. The connection between the moon and the musical feline is too apparent to call for comment.

"The little dog laughed to see such sport."

Here we see a strong contrast between two natures—one lofty, and aspiring, the other—but who can express it more plainly than the poetess does in the two words, "little dog." What a volume of expression! To the "little dog" the moonlight, the classic music and the beauties of nature did not appeal, in short, "he laughed."

"And the dish ran away with the spoon." Here again the meaning seems veiled, but after extended research Noodlehead again makes clear the meaning and shows that the whole poem has been leading up to this climax. Observe the great word picture—a meadow of undulating grass, a gorgeous moon, soul inspiring music that lifted even the cow out of herself. What a proper setting for a romance! In this picture suddenly appears the dish and the spoon. It is easily seen what an object associated with a spoon would do under the circumstances.

Let us discreetly draw the curtain on this tableau.

LUELLA B. AMES.

"Put money in thy purse," counselled Polonius.

"All right, dad," responded Ophelia,

"And not hairpins, chewing gum, cooking recipes. powder rags and dress samples."

The cycle of revolving years brings us once more to the entrance of the new year; we look back upon the vista of past months to regret the "warbly" foot prints and the resolutions dropped by the wayside. Firmly we take our stand on the new road and get down to work, as we have done time and time again. It savors of the inevitable like handleless cups,—limp, slithery maraconi, or graham crackers. But alas the days of the latter are numbered—some one not realizing their purely nominal capacity has time and again committed the indiscretion of eating them.

"Rabbi Ben Ezra" is starred on the list to be read so take my advice you, who struggling to attain the public school class are to be drawn and quartered on the rack of education, read it first. For, submerged in a depth of "Browningesque" English is this command:

"Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang;

The Freshmen are an unusual class, there is no denying it. They may not be fullfledged angels, but they have at least one Wing.

Whether it be a symphony in lavender and gold or

a "Shakespearian" heroine, our instructor quite agrees that "it is the figure, you can't get by it." He also says that the balcony scene is good for a composition; "but don't make it too er—er—"

The exhibition is over and art circles of Boston have settled back to their usual grooves. I think it was good, very good—what there was of it. One thing I observed, which I had guessed before, our editor is terribly addicted to "reflections."

Webster proved a disappointment, I looked for the definition of "Sophomore" expecting to find mention of some particularly recluse, unresponsive sort of animal.

Poor Urquhart your reputation has preceded you, else why should Mr. Major have cautioned you not to stop. You can not be a "fusser" but the eagle eye of the faculty will find you out and pounce upon you.

Whatever the occasion Mr. Andrews takes the chair. Moral: Don't be a slave to fashion.

Didn't you feel quite important to think that the Alumnae were interested in you enough to invite you to their tea. You went didn't you and found that they really were anxious to help you to profit by their experiences; and didn't you one and all, heartily say: "Thank you!"

Have you seen the Hamilton eleven line up for signal practise every Wednesday and Friday.

From out the "Tomb" they wend their way
To "Observe" in Chelsea every Monday.
The connection is obvious for 'tis said
"Over in Chelsea they are all dead!"

It was a revelation in self appreciation to see everyone feel for the bumps which, Mr. Munsell told us, if developed designated wit and intelligence.

History is in the making; if you don't think so come to the

Public School room any Thursday afternoon and witness the uprising of the vernacular, the downfall of Webster and the complete overthrow of "Woolie" Metcalf or any "English as she is spoke."

Two powerful all absorbing bodies of the school seem to be the dress makers' convention on the second story front—and the suffragette meeting on the floor above.

The Junior play is coming and will be here anon; so save your pennies lest ye sit on the boarded steps of "Normal Art" while those with an eye to the future hie themselves "then to the well worn stage anon." For if the Junior's condescend to disport themselves, let it not be in vain.

B. SHIRLEY BADGER.

SERIOUS AND FRIVOLOUS FACTS ABOUT THE GREAT AND NEAR GREAT.

Mr. George tells a story about a Japanese who was too intelligent to be deceived by an alarm clock. We hope all the modest members of the class of 1914 will endeavor to jump a point and attain that mental proficiency.

No longer the Major of the school, he is one of the most graceful of the long-distance walkers—he also ran.

The Sabbath calm shining in the reflected glory of athletic excellence otherwise known as our Valetudinarian Actorine!

I. E. Woodward Institoot, not for a moment to be confused with that "girls" school" M. N. A. S., was the Ima Matyr of a girl who never let her French and German steddies interfere with her school life.

Having "chased" five dollars through the girls school (i. e. see '14) she's also made numerous hits at competitions of a more serious sort.

NOTE—There are others—of whom we will write better—also.

ART NEWS

Were you one of the fevered throng that pushed its way up the Museum steps and in to see the $300,000 Rembrandt of Mr. Fricks? If so, listen—there is another exhibition going on there now, it will be there next Tuesday, and the next, and the Tuesday after that, and in fact it will be there when those of us, who have taken up Art as a path to matrimony, mount the stairs, our feeble steps assisted by our grandchildren for our last look.

And this exhibition, pitifully enough, is not crowded so that one gets a hazy and fleeting view. On the contrary, one can walk slowly and deliberately from room to room and assimilate as much or little as one needs. There are Rembrandts which very likely make Mr. Fricks mouth water. There are Monets which gladden the heart of the saddest. There are Stuarts and Copleys that should make Young America raise a flag. There is a DeCamp that makes you glad that you are a Normal Artite and a Benson, and if you peek around the corner past that "punk German stuff" you will find the most wonderful Persian Fairyland and still downstairs the yellow marbles stare vacantly into space while a chinaman in native costume, his arms full of books, slippety-slaps across the garden, while in the pool dozens of grave little fishes chase their tails or wend in endless procession around the calla leaves.

And all this is yours for the asking. You don't know, you will never realize until you have formed the Museum habit, what you have missed. It means ten cents car-fare and a good part of an afternoon, true, but may there not be a meaning for us in—

If thou of Fortune be bereft
And in thy store there be but left
Two loaves, sell one, and with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.

At the Copley, upstairs there was an exhibition of water colors by Miss Robins. They reminded one strongly of Peter da Hooch things, dark brownish interiors with white-capped old ladies and glimpses through open doors of unexpectedly sunshiny gardens. The medium was handled with such ease that you were quite peeved when someone came up and remarked "why those are water colors." There was a delightful lack of that messy blotchy work, the technical name of which, is, we have been informed, "floating." Miss Robins is to be congratulated in that she obtains her admirable results by a very evident search after the "shapes of things."

At Kimbals there was a show by Enneking. We liked it as well as any show we have been to this year. They were very imaginative —"queer."—His technique is something like Cushing's, he has a wonderful sense of design—almost Japanese-esque and therefore we are tempted to call it chiaroscuro, a sense of the appropriate in color, a large bump of observation and, praise be, a wonderful imagination. The things were quite as wonderful for the things which he left out as those which he so delicately suggested.

At Voses there is a show by Waugh. We admit a bit shamefacedly that we have been there three times this week and we are going every day next week. The first time we went we had hardly gotten into the room when we spied the picture called the Bucaneers and then and there we sat us down and wouldn't budge. Every bit of the Student Attitude left us and we just revelled in gore! Leaving Captain Kidd to parry the thrusts of the man in the red bandanna we reached forward an imaginative arm and pushed Marblehead Mike aside and together we repelled the invaders until we were reinforced from the Sally Maria which had been lying in the offing when we had a hand to. . . . . Of course there was composition and values to be thought of but being merely

an "ernest" student we had a thoroughly good time. Oh yes there were other good pictures there in fact all of them were good. It was the most alive exhibit we have been to for a long time. Great walloping waves in light, in shadow, at night, the shore, the wharves, as realistically painted and as sympathetically done as if the painter loved them. And moreover there was a picture of the artist which is a sensible thing to do, we think. If you see his picture in the first place you are not obliged to go through all that reconstructive agony and sometimes it is to be feared, disappointment.

We hope you didn't miss all these good ones.

GLADYS L. FORBUSH.

"Going to send your boy on an ocean trip are you," said a friend to a father.

"Yes," replied the father. "You see, if there is anything in him I think a long sea voyage will bring it out."

How dear to our heart is cash on subscription
When some gentle reader presents it to view
The man that won't pay, we refrain from description
Perhaps, gentle reader, that man may be you.

—*G. Forbush.*

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Miss Yerner impatiently, "I'm sure we'll miss the opening number. We've waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," Mr. Sloman retorted rather crossly.

"Ours? Oh, George!" she cried, and laid her blushing cheek upon his shirt-front.

Honorable but somewhat lengthy editorial and janitor of the Centre of Vision:

Dear Sir:—I am one Japanese school child which send you greeting and ask you how to know these things I cannot. I am come to big city to imbibe one artistic temper and I fully realize I must become a absentee at Normal Art. But how to do it when I know not what. Please to tell. Why do honorable pu-pills wear cream-puffs, e-greene waves and other hirsute appurtenances tied to their heads with so foolish ribbons. Why do one-quarter artists mean "Them reflected lights is darks." Why do mistaken Carusos make grand uproar in studies or fling angry paint-tubes at egley Tech boys. Why do people make centre-rushes, chassez to lefts and much feet pattering when honorable lunch bell ring and much noisomeness and reluctating when honorable bell ring again. Why do unknown paint pails descend with faculty noise and much damp on nice white unsuspecting lingerie. Why do near-artistes descend with ravages smiles and connib "Lend me you hammer, tacks, screw-driver, stretcher, oil, paint and paint rags" and do sniggerly act when you have what to eat. Why do they show their "poor-traits" so. I ask to know. Why do haughty lady artist ignore poor masculine at Public Library. Why do they not congeniate more in the corridors. Why do they be afraidsome of them sudden silence and jingley keys. Why do they work without tiresomeness and religious argumentations. Why do some of the bright scholars-pupils shovel snow. I ask to know. A immediate answer will be depreciated by

ANN,
Japanese school child.

Maggie (calling upstairs),—"The gas stove went out mum."
Mistress,—"Well,—light it!"
Maggie,—"It went out thru the roof, mum."

If anything goes amiss and he fails to accomplish all he thinks he ought, the student is prone to put the responsibility upon his instructor. If he had done so and so, or why didn't he do this or that way. While teachers no doubt vary in their capacity for imparting knowledge, yet be he ever so clever he will find it hard to make things grow on uncongenial soil. It frequently happens the student is quite as much, if not entirely, to blame for his slow progress. This is due either to an attitude of antagonism, or to an unreceptive state of mind. You may have ever so good a lens in a camera, and if the plate is slow, or poorly sensitized, it is quite impossible to get a good picture. The seed you are planting may be the best possible to procure, but if it is put in soil that has not been properly cultivated it comes to naught, or at most produce only weakly plants. It is the business, I might say it is the necessity, of the student to see to it that he does his share toward making it easy for his instructor to impart information to him. He must bring a highly sensitive brain to his work, and a receptive attitude. Unless he is willing to do this he will get very little from his instruction. He must be all ears, and have few opinions. The instructor has no time to force his views on his students; it takes all his time to formulate and present them. I remember an incident that happened at the Julian Academie while I was a student there, that illustrates in a striking manner this thought. It was in Benj. Constant's studio. He was criticising the drawing of a young Frenchman. "Do you not see," said he, "that the shadows do thus and so?" But the youth, instead of trying to see it in the light of his instructor's eyes, said, "No," and began to argue with the professor, whereupon Constant jumped up, threw the

charcoal on the easel, and saying, "Tant pis pour vous," left the youth, never to return. Morning after morning he would criticise the class, but he never saw that Frenchman again, and walked around him as if he had been a hole in the floor. This case is the more remarkable since usually the students in Paris are most receptive and respectful in the presence of the instructors. If they have any opinions they keep them to themselves, and certainly do not try to warp the instructor to their point of view. This is also especially necessary when a student has to work with several instructors. Art is not mechanics and can never be an exact science. Each man, if he is worth while, will have his own point of view, and his own methods of instruction. It is the student's duty to accept what the instructor says as final, for the time being, at least. Not to do so is fatal to his progress. When he gets through his student days and is working on his own responsibility he may then retain what appealed to him and reject the rest, but not while he is a student.

For the student to draw comparisons between one instructor and another, or, worse still, to ask one teacher why another one did thus and so, is the height of indiscretion. For a student's purpose they are both right. Try to get the point of view of the one you are studying with, and above all, come to him with a thirst for knowledge and an attitude of mind that is receptive to the last degree. By this method you make it an easy matter to teach you. The instructor will feel your attitude and be correspondingly more helpful. His enthusiasm will grow with a consciousness of your interest, and you will get a thousand times more out of your instruction.

When, in the future, you feel dissatisfied, don't examine your instructor, examine yourself, and the chances are you will find the trouble.

VESPER L. GEORGE.

EDITORIALS.

It was with very great astonishment that I greeted the condescending remark of "our noble editor" to the effect that I "might write the editorials this month." I confess that I have sometimes longed for the added touch of authority to be gained by the cabalistic ensignia at the head of this page, but I have never really hoped to obtain it. It is truly an act of great and remarkable bravery on the editor's part, for he well knows my tendency to spout, on all possible occasions, any quantity of militant rhetoric concerning topics he particularly despises. For all he might tell I may be going to fill this page with awful sentiments about the "economic independence of woman," or "what are we trying to learn to paint for anyway," or "isn't it perfectly awful that Lodge was elected," or "has religion anything to do with going to church," or any one of the infernal subjects with which I earnestly endeavor to torture the portrait class in its moments of reflection. I don't think I will try any one of them, however. They haven't succeeded in the least with the portrait class—which coldly demands "what have you been reading lately?"—and so I conclude that the Center of Vision and its readers would coldly sniff at me as well. Instead I shall be calm and business-like and discuss the obvious question of "The" exhibition.

A pretty poor showing the least exacting of us must admit. The things that were there were good—let's not talk about them—but they were pitiably small in number, and there was a decided absence of any really ambitious attempt. Of course there is no sense in comparing our work with that of the museum students for the courses we get are directed towards an entirely different purpose and comprise less actual study of the thing from a technical point of view, but it must be impossible to go through even one year of

such study as we get here without arousing some enthusiasm and desire for the work. If you have gone through a year and haven't wanted to spend your spare time working outside it's time by now to decide on stenography or typewriting, for you'll never in the wide world make your living by art. You've got to work awfully terribly hard to do that and you can't work hard and you won't work hard unless you want to so badly that you can't help it. Evidence of hard work was the vital element which the exhibition lacked.

There are so many young artists nowadays insanely bent on learning to handle their paint or their pen or their clay just as well as it can be handled,—so many young women, earnestly desirous of teaching their subject just as well as it can be taught, that there is not the least, faintest, impossible, chance for the loafer or the merely clever person or those who are secretly trusting on their ability to "bluff it through." You have to know your subject thoroughly,—and then some,—to get to the point where you are going to receive bare tolerance from anyone. There is no sympathy in modern minds for the poor craftsman.

Of course good craftsmanship is years and years ahead and the obtaining of it comes as near to drudgery as anything connected with painting can come and there is no feeling in the world more wretched than realizing one's shortcomings in that direction. But every day that we sincerely strive for it we fall a little less short and the end is by no means out of sight.

Happily there is a part beyond that, a part so far ahead yet that we are popularly supposed not even to know that it exists, when we can take our brush and paint and simply and easily and with intent place upon a square of canvas some little thing that we happen to know of or have dreamed or imagined. The idea that there may be more in a picture than mere painting is greeted by teachers and students too with a howl of derision. The thing they value less in a picture now would seem to be for instance, imagination or feeling, or

poetry, or anything that couldn't analyze. Allow me to say that they are temporarily abberrated and know not whereof they speak and in a score of years or so they will have forgotten that ingenious idea entirely. To believe that The Madonna of the Chair or the Monna Lisa have existed up to now and show no evidence of expiring as yet merely from the way they were composed or the way the paint was laid on is so ridiculous as to be worthy only of the abnormal mind of the inexperienced art student, who, as every one knows, has the queerest kind of all queer kinds of brains.

A baseball player had two fingers of his right hand pretty badly bunged up in practice, and on his way home from the grounds he dropped into a doctor's office to have them attended to.

"Doctor," he asked anxiously as he was leaving, "when this paw of mine heals will I be able to play the piano?"

"Certainly you will," the doctor assured him.

"Well, then, you're a wonder, Doc. I never could before."

WHERE WAS BILL?

Bill Jones is a country storekeeper down in Louisiana, and last spring he went to New Orleans to purchase a stock of goods. The goods were shipped immediately and reached home before he did. When the boxes of goods were delivered at his store by the drayman his wife happened to look at the largest; she uttered a loud cry and called for a hammer. A neighbor, hearing the screams, rushed to her assistance and asked what was the matter. The wife, pale and faint, pointed to an inscription on the box which read as follows:

"Bill inside."

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